MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY C EDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SINGING FROG.

"Ho! He! Do you call that singing?"
naked a little toad boy, nopping through the grass.

"It isn't singing as yet, buil maybe I shall sing some day, said the froggic boy, and he tried harder than ever.
"I don't know what to do about that boy of mine," said Mr. Frog to Uncle Wiggly, as the rabbit gentleman hopped around to the other side of the pend. "He says he is going to learn to sing like the birds and nothing his mother of I can say will change him. Instead of learning to swim and pull up green weeds from the bottom of the pend, he keeps puffing out his throat like a soap bubble and saying he is going to sing.

"Well, let him alone," said Uncle Wiggliy, kindly "Trying to sing does no harm, and perhaps some day, who knows, he may turn into a singing frog.

"But no one ever heard of such a thing" oried Mr. Erog.
"That's nothing, said Uncle Wiggly, with a phiske of his twink toose." No one ever heard of a sabbit having an leshin until I made one. Let Puffy slone." Puffy was the name of the funny little frog boy.

So his father and mother thought it best to do as Uncle Wiggly had told them, and they ue longer tried to keep Puffy from practicing his "singing," as he called it.

Bringing Up Father-By George McManus



LITTLE MARY MIXUP—She's Going to Let Them Get Ripe!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY -Maybe It's Mrs. Goofus Who Should Complain!



JOE'S CAR -Your Experience Will Make You Agree With Blanche!



WHO'S TO BLAME

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

Restlessness is not necessarily energy.

CHAPTER NO. 164.

A Move is Contemplated.

(Copyright, 1319, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

After Edividea's homecoming and herquirrel on the very evening of her return, the atmosphere of their homegrew pretty deadly. It was decidedly mot Freddie's fault. He did his best, but any tender overtures toward his wife nget with a sincer. His patience with her seemed to annow her beyond control Reneath the strain of the thing Freddie's eyes grew hollow and heavilled to be took precised in the strain of the him Freddie's eyes grew hollow and heavilled to be how is precised in the strain of the him Freddie's tall to him one morning after Editedia had been home for a week or more.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right," answered Freddie, with an attempt at cheer.

"But. I'm all right, and a law a

DOROTHY DIX'S TALK BY DOROTHY DIX,

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

SLIPPING THE YOKE OF MATRIMONY.

Among my acquaintances are a husband and wife who are singularly happy, though married, and still no love with each other, although they have cristrated their silver wedding. This fortunate couple attributes the success they have made of marrimony largely to the payer made of marrimony largely to the separate watch as had a separate vacuous experience of humanity goes to prove that it is greated their and the couple attributes the success they have made of marrimony largely to the every week, and each has had a separate vacuous evening can while the couple of the c



THAT TELLS your weight.

AND THE other day.

BY K.C.B.

PLEASE TELL me WHY IT IS. IF I put a slug. IN A slot machine. AND GET some gum. I CAN be arrested. AND SENT to jail. BUT IF it happens. I PUT in a nickel. AND THE machine doesn't work. AND I don't get anything. THAT THERE'S nothing at all. THAT I can do. EXCEPT GET sere. AND BUSIDES the gum. THERE'S THE slot machine.

IN A city hotel I GOT on one. AND DROPPED a nickel. AND THE needle thing. THAT RUNS around. JUST SHIVERED a little. AND NEVER moved. NOT EVEN a pound. AND A boy was there. IN A uniform. AND A great whisk broom. WITH WHICH he attacks. THE HOTEL guests. AND I asked the boy. WHAT THE matter was AND FOR a whisk broom boy HE WAS very bright. AND MADE reply. "I GUESS It don't work

FOR SUCH a long time. THAT I'VE made up my mind. WHEN THE weather gets cool. TO START out some day. AND KEEP on going. TILL I find someone. WHO KNOWS someone. WHO KNOWS the name. OF SOMEONE else. WHO HAD once been told, THE NAME of a man. WHO KNEW someone. IF HE could be found. WHO MIGHT be able. TO ENLIGHTEN me. AS TO where I could find A MAN, woman or child. WHO MIGHT happen to know, THE NAME of some man. WHO HAS something to do. WITH THE slot machines. AND AFTER that, I'D GO find the man. AND I'D tell him a tale. OF THE pent-up rage. THAT WAS stored in me. AND I'D give him a chance. TO TAKE me out.

AND THAT same thing.

HAS BEEN happening to me.

AND BUY me some gum. AND HAVE me weighed. TILL I weighed a ton. I'D EITHER do that. OR I'D buy some stock. IN THE slot machines.

I THANK you.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.
Compiled by John G. Quinius, the Sunshine Man.

O Lord, I will give thanks unto Thee; for though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou didst comfort me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afruid. For Jehovah is my strength and sorg, and he is become my salvation.—Isa xil, 1:4.

In God have I put my trust, I will not be afruid. What can men do unto me? Thy yows are unon me, O God: I will render thank-offerings unto Thee, For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, and my feet from failing, the II may walk before God in the light, and reloice in Thee, I will shew forth all Thymaryelous works, I will be glad and reloice in Thee, I will shew forth all Thymaryelous works, I will be glad and reloice in Thee, I will shew forth all Thymaryelous works, I will be glad and reloice in Thee, I will shew forth all Thymaryelous works, I will be glad and reloice in Thee, I will shew forth all Thymaryelous works, I will be glad and reloice in Thee, I will shew forth all Thymaryelous works, I will be glad and reloice in Thee, I will sing praise to Thy same, O Thou Most High, For Thou hast maintained my right, and my cause. Thou art rested on the throne, judging righteously—Fa, I, 2, 4, O Lord. Thou art my God, I will exalt Thee, I will praise Thy name; for Thou hast done wonderful things which were truly and surely proposed of old. Thou hast been a strongoold to the poor, a stronghold to the neody.

O Lord thou hast been a strongoold to the poor, a stronghold to the neody in distress, a refuge from the storm, a shade from the later, a shade from the heat—isa, xxx, I, 4, Daylon, O.

HOROSCOPE

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

Late today the sun and Uranus rule beneficently, according to astrology. The morning should be a time of ac-tivity, for Mercury and Saturn are both in friendly aspect.
During this sway all human affairs should be well directed, the influences being toward kindliness and co-opera-